

the adventures of ARCN

by scyrus42

Category: RWBY

Genre: Adventure, Humor

Language: English

Characters: OC, Ozpin

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-12 23:22:27

Updated: 2016-04-26 16:21:26

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:04:24

Rating: T

Chapters: 3

Words: 2,419

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: a few years after the events of RWBY (at present), and there is a new group of freshmen at beacon. this will be an OC driven story, if you want yours to be on the main team, pm me and we'll work something out (read story first tho)

## 1. Ageis Pyro

**\*\*This is an idea I have had for a while, getting a chapter out might bring more people to it. This is just a 'pilot' if you will, the first chapter in a story I intend to write with other people. I will need three OCs as well as their creators to join me in writing this story. The first few chapters will introduce each of the characters, starting with mine.\*\***

**\*\*Ageis' P.O.V\*\***

"wake up!"

I shuffled in my seat, cracking a single eye open to see the inside of the airship. I sat up, cracking my back to recover from my poor sleeping posture. Fully awake, I turned to the source of the voice, my father.

"what time is it?" I exhaled, sleeping in a leather seat for four hours is not exactly restful. "time for you to get a watch." He adjusted his sunglasses and let out a chuckle, "we really should get going soon, your orientation starts in half an hour and I need to speak with ol' Ozzy about something."

For a bit of background, we had just landed at Beacon, one of the most esteemed fighting schools in Remnant, rather than going to Atlas' fighting school. This decision resulted in packing my clothes into a one-size-too-small duffle bag, grabbing my unfinished 'project', and hopping into a prototype airship for six hours.

The alternative was a ten minute walk from my house. If you couldn't tell, my dad is a bit eccentric. Anyway, I grabbed my belongings and stepped into the sun. my Scroll told me that Vale was nice for most of the year, but could suddenly break into frigid winters or burning summers.

I took a glance around the campus and then tilted my head upwards until I could see the greenish glow of the headmaster's room. I looked back to the path in front of me and began walking towards the main building.

Perspective be damned, this place was HUGE. What I expected to be a five minute stroll turned into a sprint as I realized I had no clue where to meet the other students. Twenty minutes of searching the eerily empty campus led me to an assembly hall where I could see a large gathering of people.

I opened the grand pair of doors to see every pair of eyes in the building glare at me. Past the stink eyes, I saw a man at a microphone, he was dressed in a black suit with a green scarf. He had a pair of spectacles perched on his nose and a head of white hair.

This was Professor Ozpin, the headmaster of Beacon, and I had just interrupted his opening speech. I quickly closed the doors and pretended like I didn't exist. After the doors shut, Ozpin continued "as I was saying, each and every one of you has come with a goal, the reasons might be different, but the end pint remains the same. You all wish to become hunters and huntresses."

His voice was calm, but firm, it had enough power to reach the entire room and the right tone to keep you enthralled. "but, all I see is a waste of perfectly good airship fuel. You come with the idea that knowledge is the skeleton key to becoming a slayer of Grimm, that is nowhere close to the truth. You can know every tactic in the book, you can recite every speech by every general since the war"

"these are all useful traits in hunters, but are relatively useless on their own. Conviction is the only trait, the only temperament, that you cannot learn while here. If you came with the hope that you could just 'learn' it, this is the fault of none but your own."

Ozpin stepped away from the mic and a female teacher took his place. "all new arrivals will stay the night in the ballroom, tomorrow, initiation begins. Be prepared."

The female teacher stepped away and the hall became filled with chatter. I found myself leaning against the wall with my vision unfocused, listening intently to the speech that had since ended. I snapped myself out of it and glanced around the auditorium.

All the students were filing out of the doors I had entered through and were making their way to the ballroom. I took out my scroll and marked its destination on my map. I detoured to a map and ran my finger over the digital landmarks until I found the Forge.

The building was average size, with two stories and a anvil sign hovering next to the door. I hefted my bags and stepped inside. The building was alive with the sound of lathes, saws, and a cacophony of

other industrial noises.

I found an office in a corner of the building and approached it. Inside was a man with a pair of goggles over his nose and a leather apron. "um, excuse me?" he looked up from the array of bits and pieces that coated his desk.

"can I help you?" I nodded, placing the black case containing my weapon on the surface. "I need some work done on this" he slid the goggles to his forehead and his eyes inflated with glee. "my pleasure"

**\*\*Three hours later\*\***

After managing to pry the weapon away from the overzealous professor, I made my way to the ballroom. The building was of a similar size to the auditorium, but without a stage. Everyone was sat on the floor on sleeping bags in any sort of pajama I could imagine.

I grabbed a sleeping bag from a table near the door and spread it on the floor. I put my bags down and dug a t-shirt and boxers out. I headed to the bathroom to change out of my suit (yes, I came to a new school in a three piece, fight me).

Upon exiting the bathroom, the eyes of a number of girls turned to me. I glanced down at my form, I guess I was lean, being homeschooled by a pair of hunters will do that to you. I just focused on my sleeping area and lay on the surprisingly comfy bag, the stress of the day got to me and I dropped like a stone.

**\*\*The next day\*\***

I followed the group of students to a cliff. with or without context, that is not a very common sentence. We lined up on a row of square platforms. I had donned a new suit and my weapon was in a sheath across my back. I reached up and fingered the grip, becoming used to the feeling.

I heard a ticking noise come from my left and saw a student hurtling off the cliff. Prior to coming here, I believed that the rumors about beacon's initiation were just stories. As you can tell, I was wrong. I came to this realization while flying above a lush green forest at terminal velocity.

**\*\*There is chapter one, my chapters will not be as long as this usually, again, I need ocs and their creators to be involved in this story. I look forward to working with anyone to will work with me.\*\***

**\*\*Details on my character will be distributed to anyone who asks, submissions can be accepted via pm or review, though I prefer pms.\*\***

## 2. Rex Azraq

Today I'm going to Beacon. I say this in my mind over and over as I get off the huge airship. I've always wanted to go to the academy of warriors, but I didn't think it would come so soon.

"Nice view," the kid next to me says.

"Yeah," I respond as the ship starts to land.

Most of the students started filing off the ship. I followed a group of kids to an empty auditorium where Professor Ozpin was giving an opening speech.

He went on and on about how we have to work and stuff. I'm a hard worker, but I'm just here to become a huntsman, to protect people.

My clothes were starting to bother me, so I took off my jacket. That's better. I'm wearing a sleeveless shirt with a bulletproof vest underneath. I'm wearing combat boots and long pants. The shirt is a rufous colour with a no particular pattern.

Once the professor finishes giving us the speech, he tells us to go to the sleeping hall to go to bed.

Once I get there, I unravel my sleeping bag. The only other kid that was near me is a muscular kid who stood next to me in the auditorium, I think his name was Ageis or something. Whatever.

The next day

I get up and Ozpin and his assistant (I think her name was Gilda or something) take us to a hill.

"The sights really are beautiful aren't they," I hear Gilda say to Ozpin.

We are all instructed to stand on these weird gray square things. I do as I'm asked.

"Today you are to take on the emerald forest. This trial will determine your team of four. The first person you make eye-contact with will be your partner for the next 4 years. Your mission is to locate the ruins in the center. Once there, you and your partner pick one of the relics. There will be Grimm. If necessary, kill them. I hope you have a landing strategy", Ozpin tells us.

"Landing for what," I hear someone say before getting launched. I whip my blade out of my gauntlets and get ready to go.

### 3. Nathan Minos

Bullheads. Always the worst inventions created, no matter the circumstance. And in my location, it was even less enjoyable. Trying to sleep in an aircraft is one of the worst things imaginable: the turbulence refuses to settle for more than five minutes, the glaring light that no matter what you do is always too bright, the sounds and vibrations made from the engines, and all the people on board with their own conversations. In short, I was not in a good mood.

"Can they make these things even worse?" I ask myself as I look around the cabin. I see what looks to be my future classmates, if their strange fashion sense is anything to go off of. The people I notice don't exactly make me feel the most comfortable. A few of the

passengers were looking at me, horns aren't very inconspicuous after all.

Staring, humans are always staring at me like I'm some kind of freak. As long as they don't bother me, I won't bother them. I don't need their assumptions. I don't need their opinions. The only thing I need from them is to give us equality.

Suddenly the PA system came to life. "Attention, we will be arriving at Beacon Academy in fifteen minutes. I repeat, We will be arriving in Beacon Academy in fifteen minutes.\_" Then the automated voice shut off, leaving me a bit of time to gather my things before we land.

We landed shortly, thankfully without any inconvenience. After I had gotten my luggage had I decided to look at Beacon. It is quite a sight to behold, it was like nothing I had ever seen. The pillars reach further up into the sky than I thought possible. Though its color scheme is far too bland; Grey and green? I hope they don't have uniforms, because if the buildings scheme is anything to go by, then they will be awful.

I make my way, lost in thought about what is in store for me.\_ If only something would happen to make this at least a tad bit more interesting\_. As if my prayers had been answered, a large boom echoed from somewhere up the walk. I make my way to see if anyone was injured or if it's a Grim attack. As I get closer I see two people arguing, well, one of them was anyway.

"Well if nobody is hurt then I should just move on." I say as I start to walk towards the main building. It's a rather uneventful walk to the auditorium. I can see that I'm in the right place due to all the initiates being here.

Eventually a blonde woman and a grey haired man, who I assume must be Goodwitch and Ozpin, walk one stage. I hope he doesn't go on a long winded speech. Unfortunately, this wish was not granted. The grey haired man began his speech while I tuned him out. \_Who cares, it's just some old dude talking about his own philosophies\_. Gods I wish this would end.

Suddenly the door in the back creaked open in what must have been an attempt at sneaking. The room went silent as the room and Ozpin turned to look at who was so late. I look back and see who made such a 'dramatic' entrance. What I saw was slightly surprising, a pinstripe suit, I'll give him a day. Unless he's dressing up for the first day, then he will be Grim bait tomorrow.

\_I swear if he has to start over, I will strangle that tardy initiate with his own tie. \_Thankfully Ozpin started where he left off before the interruption. He starts talking about how we're all worthless, in need of temperament and conviction, what a blowhard. \_Eat your cane old man. \_

His speech came to an end shorter than I expected. As Ozpin stepped away from the microphone, Professor Goodwitch. "All new arrivals will stay in the ballroom, tomorrow, Initiation begins. Be prepared."

As soon as she left I followed the crowd to where we will stay tonight. I don't like the thought of having to spend the night in the

same room with everyone. I decide to find a place with the least humans as possible. I manage to find an area where a few other Faunus have set up and joined them. I set down my bag and go locate a restroom to get changed in.

In the bathroom I notice the guy who was in the suit earlier. Why anyone needs to wear something like that, I'll never know. I get changed into a pair of long cotton pants and a cotton button up shirt. The one downside to having horns is that I am unable to wear closed neck shirts. I make my way back to my Bag to get some rest, after all, tomorrow is initiation.

**\*\*Authors note: OC submissions are no longer being taken. While they are all good, we only need the four for the team. Thank you.\*\***

End  
file.